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Is The Mother Worthy of
Respect?

Is She Not Fit to Cast a Vote and Share in the Govern-
ment That Controls Her?

These questions are addressed to the Senate of the United States and to many Senators from the East, West, North, and the South famous for chivalry. Chivalry ought not to class women with idiots and children, Indians and dogs.

If a man has a horse, gun, ax, you allow him to say what shall be done with what belongs to him.

To take his property and use it without his consent is a violation of the Constitution, which says that no man's property shall be taken without due process of law.

Is an ox, a cow, a gun, or a knife a more important, respectable thing than a soldier fighting for his country?

Why do you not recognize the rights of the mother who made the man fighting abroad?

Why do you not admit that she is entitled to say with her vote what shall be done with her son, entitled to say at every election which man shall be chosen for office?

What does your mind see when you read that a million and five hundred thousand young Americans are in France, offering their lives for justice, democracy and the welfare of human beings?

Do you see only the boys in uniform, marching and fighting? Or do you see also their mothers at home?

A million men in France are represented by a million mothers and a million sisters here in the United States?

Will Senators continue making speeches praising the courage of these boys and then turn around and say to their mothers asking for justice: "Don't bother me; can't you see I am busy?"

What do you see when you look at those men fighting? To what do you attribute the victories they have won and the great final victory that will certainly be theirs?

You know it isn't merely in their muscles or in the bullets and powder you give them that they find strength to win.

Their strength is in the spirit given to them BY THEIR MOTHERS.

If those men fight against the Prussians, it is because they hate injustice and cruelty.

Who taught them hatred of injustice and cruelty? Their mothers.

When you hear that those young men, wounded, still go on fighting, that they strain every muscle, and give their lives and their last drop of blood at last, you know it is because they have been taught to love their country, and to respect their fathers.

Who teaches the American boy love for his country and respect for his father?
HIS MOTHER.

The mothers of America look across the ocean, with pride, anxiety, resignation, knowing that tonight or tomorrow morning, at any hour may come the news that the only thing they care for, is dead, and buried in a grave that they will never see.

These mothers look toward the Senate of the United States, and they ask for recognition AS HUMAN BEINGS.

They ask to be classed as citizens of this country, as citizens that have done their duty, as creatures worthy of friendship, approval, and equality.

The Senator that will not grant them equality should stop talking about chivalry and respect for women.

The Kaiser and the Green Apple



A Very Little Girl's Idea
of a Very Big
Failure.

Jessie Mary Donald, eleven years old, sends this picture all the way from Yakima, in the State of Washington. With it she sends her first attempt at an editorial, correctly spelled and well written:

MY IDEA OF THE WORLD WAR.
"THE GREEN APPLE."

The Kaiser bit part of Belgium and northern France out of the green apple, or world. The whole world was green, but he bit the greenest part, which made him sick (meaning Great Britain), and also gave him a severe stomachache (meaning United States), so that he was discouraged from trying it again.
Yakima, Wash. JESSIE MARY DONALD, Age 11 Years.

The little girl's comparison of the earth to a green apple is a good comparison. Many a man, from Sennacherib to Hohenzollern, has tried to take too big a bite as his share of the world, with, to quote our young friend, "a severe stomachache" as a result.

Caesar, Attila, Napoleon all tried it—but the green apple did not agree with any of them in the end. The worst stomachache and headache of all will soon be enjoyed by the Prussian Kaiser.

She Looks Across the Water



This picture typifies the womanhood of America. The army that is freeing Europe from the greatest danger that civilization ever faced is an army "Made in America."

The American MOTHER made that army. She made the bodies that fight and that are killed. And she made

the noble spirit of the fighters that will win this war, just as truly as justice triumphs over evil.

How long must the women of America who made the army that fights in France wait for justice and the right to share in their Government here at home?

[See Editorial.]

Are Houseworkers Ladies of Leisure?

By Beatrice Fairfax.

"A man's work is from sun to sun. But a woman's work is never done," says an old proverb.

The worthies who administer elections—I've forgotten their splendid titles—evidently do not agree with the proverb. According to their rating, a woman may cook, wash, iron, sew, sweep, dust, and bring up a family of children—yet, she must write herself down, "Occupation, none," when she registers preliminary to voting in the newly enfranchised State of New York.

This accounts for the magnificent scorn of an Irish lady who has written me a letter. I conclude she is Irish, because she signs herself "Kate O'Malley," and I don't believe anyone but an Irishwoman could put things with such indignant forcefulness.

Same Class as "Vags," Tramps, and Rich Loafers.

Among other things she says: "So I went to register and found myself put in the same class with tramps, vags, and rich loafers. Me that was often on me feet all day long over the wash tubs or the kitchen stove, and then up half the night besides, looking after sick children."

"Two of them, now grown to be fine, strapping lads, are in France fighting. And they'd be the first to pull off a scrap if they knew their old mother was set down by the law—she'd always respected—as a vagrant."

"Occupation, none." Well, the one that said that of workmen's wives must be innocent in the head. And the words of him have no place in print or papers that have to be sworn to, unless it's false oaths we're to take along of getting the vote in New York. And sorrow enough trouble we had

to get it without perjury thrown into the bargain."

Did He Ever Go Camping? Like Mrs. O'Malley, I'm puzzled, and I can't help wondering if the gifted author of the phrase, "Occupation None," ever went camping and had to "do" his own dishes, cook his food, look after his kit and keep his camp in order.

When men do that, even for a few days, automatically they become "changed men," with a deeper respect for housework.

A great light breaks upon them, they begin to see where all the time goes that women spend in the business of keeping a family fed.

"Occupation None," as an economic description of a woman who does her own housework, rivals the once popular delusion that the wife of a working man should be numbered among his "dependents."

The wife of a wage-earning man works an unlimited number of hours and receives no cash return for her labors. Her duties consist of manual work of the hardest and most exacting character.

Even when these tasks are accomplished, her service is not completed. As a mother, her vocation is the most responsible and serious to which a human being can be called. Upon the fulfillment of her vocation as a mother the welfare of the country depends.

Today's Small Boy Tomorrow's Soldier.

Today's small boy is tomorrow's soldier or citizen, and the measure of fitness he brings to these careers will depend upon the habits he acquired in his earlier years.

There can be few holidays for the responsible mother, her endless duties combine to keep her "on the job" with the steady unobtrusive activity of an eight-day clock.

When her husband's working day is over, there is rest and recreation for him; he can foregather with his fellow workmen and settle the affairs of the nation—to his way of thinking.

But for the mother—the pivot of the home—there is always one more task.

The theory that the working man supports his wife is a mistake. Husbands and wives are mutually dependent upon each other for support, and together they maintain their dependents, the young children of the family. The work of each is equally valuable to the country.

The gentleman who with two words: "Occupation None," has written down the life of the working woman as one of elegant leisure never stopped to consider the money value of women outside of the home.

As an unmarried girl she was probably self-supporting; if she worked in a shop she received anywhere from six to ten dollars a week. If she was engaged in domestic service, she received this amount, plus her board and lodging. If she worked in a factory, she got more.

He Must Be a Bachelor.

Today, the price of unskilled labor has risen to double the prices it commanded before the war. Charwomen are paid at the rate of twenty-five cents an hour—which is a few pennies more than street car conductors received a little while ago.

Upon her marriage a girl gives up this cash symbol of her working value and transfers her services from the shop, factory, etc., to her home. Much that she would have refused to do in the service of an employer she cheerfully performs in the service of her family.

The author of "Occupation None" must be a bachelor and an aristocrat, one of those pampered darlings of upper tondom who has all the lowly offices of living done for him by such skillful, unobtrusive hands that he never realized they were being done at all.

I also strongly suspect him of being that arch enemy of woman-kind—the man who first decreed that all kitchen sinks should be installed at a back-breaking distance from the floor.

We have had kitchen sinks for fifty years. Yet up to date no architect, builder, contractor, or other professional man or artisan having to do with the building of houses has been found who will install one at a comfortable angle.

The placing of the kitchen sink is like some curse laid upon the "Restless Sex" as a punishment for its modern activities.

But now that the women, who, among other pastimes of elegant leisure, number dishwashing three times a day, command the vote in half the United States, perhaps they will take the matter into their own hands. They will elect a candidate pledged to a kitchen sink reform.

He, or more likely, she, will install the sink a few inches higher, so that women with "Occupation None" may wash their dishes three times a day in comparative comfort.

A Little Talk on Profiteering

Take Away the Profiteer's Winter Coal. That's Better Than Trying To Tax Him.

By EARL GODWIN.

In nothing shall I be more active than in protecting the people of the District from all manner of extortion. In so far as I am able to compel it, the usurer must stop his practices; the greedy and unpatriotic speculator in food, raiment, and fuel shall not fatten on those who are hungry and cold, if by any means in my power I am able to prevent it.

—From Commissioner Gardiner's speech on taking oath.

Many things have occurred since Commissioner Gardiner spoke these reassuring words in the boardroom of the District building, last October.

Among them is the growth of a system of profiteering in food, rents, coal, raiment, and everything else that the human being needs.

The worst of the evils, I believe, is the room-renting piracy, which grew to such proportions that it became a national joke—when not a national disgrace. Magazines and newspapers sent special writers here to the National Capital to write stories of the difficulties of getting a room at a reasonable rate. They made a feature of it in their printed pages, just as they feature the war, national politics, and the theater.

But Commissioner Gardiner and his associates did take a step which cramped the room profiteer to some extent. They helped open a room-renting bureau, headquarters at 1321 New York avenue, and, although that bureau has no power to dictate prices of rooms (as some people think it should have), it possesses the power to steer the unsuspecting stranger along paths unfrequented by pirates and hold-up men and women in the room-renting business.

Now, to Mr. Gardiner and his associates, let me make the suggestion that they keep alert. The suggestion has been made from a very wise source that fuel for the winter be denied the profiteer. My first impression of this suggestion was that it was too good to be true, but on examining into it I find it is actually the plan of men in authority.

If the Commissioners have at any time any chance of co-operating with a scheme of this sort, pray let them do so.

To freeze the profiteer will be even more effective than to tax him heavily, because he can dodge taxes, but he can't dodge the falling temperature when the ice of December descends upon his pirate's lair.

HEARD AND SEEN

Had a good long letter recently from SIDNEY ROCHE, of the office of the auditor of the District. Sid's over in Philadelphia for a short while helping J. W. PAXTON, lately resigned as chief of our street cleaning department.

Brother Paxton is now resident engineer in charge of the Philadelphia Quartermaster Terminal Work.

Sid Roche has the cost accounting end of the job, and is hitting it up.

WILL TOWERS, by the way, is acting chief clerk and deputy auditor while Sid's gone.

A. C. EDWARDS, and several of his neighbors in Chevy Chase, are up against the old, old problem: Why does the gas bill jump over the moon all at once when the gas is NOT USED.

The Georgetown Gas Company, who gets the financial benefit, tells Mr. Edwards:

"We do not claim our meter readers are infallible and an OVER READING may have occurred in the month of June, but as a meter reading is continuous, if an error has occurred, same will correct itself at the next reading."

In the case of Mr. Edwards, and his neighbors, all the meter readings seemed to have advanced by hundreds of per cent. For instance, in May the bill was \$1.98; in June EIGHT DOLLARS and TEN CENTS.

I trust the gas company will give back some of the money thus taken, if an error occurred. No use in taking the matter to the Public Utilities Commission, as that body will not grant a hearing on a matter of this character, but the commission has a gas expert who will give his best attention to the meters if asked.

JOHN PAPE, of 244 First street southwest, thus describes his restful experiences at Chesapeake Beach:

"I went to a soda fountain and

sawed for a bottle of ginger ale; the clerk asked for 25 cents; ice cream cones, 10 cents; a package of cigarettes, containing eight, 10 cents. From there I went to a cafe where I had checked my parcels and basket and asked the waiter for the loan of two glasses. He told me he could not loan them to me, but would hire them to me. I said all right; he said 10 cents for the hire and 60 cents deposit on them. "After lunch my friend and I went to the crabhouse. There I ordered two deviled crabs, 40 cents; my friend ordered two softshell crabs, 50 cents.

"We all know that when anyone goes out to enjoy the day they expect to spend some money, but not to give it away all in a bunch to a lot of profiteers."

What would Mr. Pape think of paying for \$75,000 worth of "atmosphere" at a hotel?

Good Steamer; Good Crew.

"Old Washington Boy," who writes me on New Howard House letter paper frequently, says that the party who said that the steamer Lady of the Lake was renamed the Harry Randall is mistaken.

My informant continues: "It was the John W. Thompson that CAPTAIN RANDALL bought, and after repairing the craft, he renamed it Harry Randall. Here's some of the crew in 1881:

Captain Kirby, pilot; West Davis, engineer; Dick Webster, first mate; Jack Phillip, clerk; James Settle, barkeeper; Sam Gassenheim, lookout man.

"Who remembers" Col. Thomas Hoyer Monstery, the Danish soldier of fortune and author, who had a studio in Washington city some time in the "eighties" and taught fencing and swimming? His method of instruction in swimming is said to have made one proficient in this useful accomplishment, though the method dispensed with a swimming pool or water. S. S. MANN, Room 45 House Office Bldg.

Once-Overs Sunday, the Day of Work.

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Why not give your wife a real treat on Sunday, once in a while, by taking her out to dinner?

Perhaps you have never thought that Sunday is the best day in the week for her.

Why? Because you expect a more delicious dinner that day. She must take extra pains in dressing the children for Sunday school and herself for church, perhaps waiting on you, if you accompany her. Even though much work has been done Saturday, in preparation, she must hustle around immediately after breakfasting, get her hair, and it takes considerable thought to try to move work in the hottest part of the day.

What a relief to find that after a helpful church service and while the family are all dressed without extra preparation they may all sit down to a meal in peace and comfort, cooked by some one who makes it his or her business to do this line of work.

Husbands cannot realize what a difference it makes in the lives of their wives who do not keep a maid to be able to get a genuine rest on Sunday.

How long would you men be satisfied with your jobs if Sunday were the hardest day, and if you had to work seven days a week? Think of this a little.